

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"And So It Burns"

You funny style to me, it's war when the beat drop
Just another motherfucker gon' see Pac
You the type that'll run when the heat pop
The type that'll hide a gun when he see cops
But not me, I'll aim a .38 at the crown
Show up the next day at the wake and frown
Yeah, and then I'll laugh at the widow
And my man Stoupe blast through the window
Foul when I was young but I survived karma
Drop bombs like a B-25 on ya
Yeah, it's Vietnam in the trenches
Just keep my seat warm on the benches
I run with wild Puerto Ricans that hit L's
And study classical verses by Big L
We came up in the game at the same time
And beat a hundred fifty rappers with the same rhyme

When touch a microphone I usually rock it
Those that don't like it, then you're psychotic
It's on 'til the death, 'til we settle the score
Bust off, we bust back strapped ready for war, what
Been down for years rockin ten for ten [?] take your whole damn clan?

I'm a mothafuckin baboon
Hit you with thirty-seven stab wounds
Bury your body deep in earth inside a black tomb
You scared of the rain, you fair-weather
I'm hardcore like Paul Bearer in sheer terror
I'll be ready for war with suede Timbs on
Y'all ain't ready to brawl until Vin's gone
Won't stop till you dead in Hell
Vinnie Paz, mega-child daddy, Ed Rendell
Was bred to fail, yeah, because the beast in all us
I was rocking Diadoras while you was eating porridge
I was listening to the Hilltop Hustlers
While you was ducking from sounds of popped mufflers
You was playing little games with your fathers
I was robbing motherfuckers for they Starters
You a novice and I'm a old vet
And I was there when the heavens and the globe met

When I touch a microphone I usually rock it
Those that don't like it, then you're psychotic
It's on 'til the death 'til we settle the score
Bust off, we bust back strapped ready for war, what
Been down for years rockin ten for ten [?] take your whole damn clan?

We ain't safe if the bomb exists
So I side with the Vietnamese Communists
If you with me motherfucker raise your arm and fist
And we can bust a fucking cap and see if God exists
I scarred your wrist, with a poisonous rusty razor
If it's Jedi Mind Tricks then it must be flavour
And it ain't safe no more

Ain't safe in the motherfucking place no more
Get laced in your upper body, face and jaw
You the type of faggot we ain't got the patience for
We break the law, while we pay our respect to Allah
But if it's beef then we be spraying your neck with a four
I love to hear the sound of a corpse drop
So protect your fucking neck like a cough drop
I'm licking four shots from different latitudes
So keep it moving like a bitch that got an attitude